

Medford-Ashland Hoop Feud Starts Tonight!

GRIZZLIES TO BE FAVORITES THIS SEASON

Local Stars to Glitter in Annual Effort to Trip Medford

Probable Starting Lineups

Ashland	Medford
Hoxie	f..... Loman
Hess	f..... Campbell
Hardy	c..... Smith
Kannasto	g..... Kunzman
Jungwirth	g..... Sears

When those two most bitter rivals, Ashland and Medford, meet for the initial time tonight at Medford's high school gym for the game which may decide the district champion and right to enter the state tournament in Salem, it will be the first time in many long years that the Grizzlies of Ashland high have been the favorites by so wide a margin.

Almost always in the past it has been the Tigers of Medford high who were rated the best team. Either that or the two teams were accorded an even break. But not now. Not this year, the year that has seen the Crimson and White blast through a gruelling 20-game schedule to hang up 19 victories against the best northern California and most of Oregon could offer.

Against that brilliant record, Darwin Burgher's Medford team must be classed the underdog. It has shown little all year. A scratchy win over Klamath Falls after a resounding defeat. An unsatisfactory victory against Grants Pass after a defeat by the weak Cavemen. A defeat at the hands of Shasta City, whom Ashland licked badly.

But comparative scores mean nothing when Ashland is playing Medford because it is Ashland versus Medford and all it stands for. Bitter rivalry bordering on hatred. Long years of bickering and fighting. The game that both teams point for from the start of the season. The game that means more to them than anything else.

Ashland needs but the one victory to clinch the district title. Medford needs the one tonight and the one next Friday at Ashland. Both will be fighting for these games. They will be fighting harder than they have fought all year. Both will be hopped to the skies.

Ashland should win rather easily. Medford can't match the high-powered scoring ability of the Grizzlies' Bob Hardy and Billy Hoxie, who have accounted for 400 points between them in 20 games, an average of 10 apiece per game. Medford can't match those boys but they can bottle them up. But, if they do there is Parker Hess and Bill Jungwirth and Hjalmer Kannasto to step out and get the points.

And so it goes. How is Medford to stop the Ashlanders? It seems impossible. Five good scorers, two of them brilliant. By pure fight? Probably it is the only way. And, Medford will have the fight. They always do when it's Ashland they're playing. More so than at any other time.

But, so will Ashland. They want to repeat with their championship. They will be playing Medford. They will be battling the team they have waited all year to meet, get revenge for that upset last year at the hands of Medford's second team.

Yes, Ashland must be called the favorite. It can't be any other way. But it is Ashland versus Medford and anything can happen. And, more often than not, it does.

NININGERS SELL TO SAN FRANCISCANS THURSDAY

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Niningers announced yesterday the leasing of the Niningers cafe and store to Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Dayton, who recently moved here from San Francisco.

Niningers cafe is one of the oldest established businesses of its kind in Ashland, and this week's announcement came as a surprise to its many friends and patrons. Mr. Niningers opened the store in 1921 and during the past 14 years has kept pace with the increased demand for something different.

Mr. and Mrs. Dayton, who have had several years experience in this type of business, have assumed management and will continue to serve patrons with the same high quality service and merchandise that has made Niningers famous.

Present name of the establishment will be continued.

It's a dull day when there's nothing doing down in Hueysiana. —Weston Leader.

Never Been Left!



By BILLY HULEN

The very funny Arthur "Bugs" Baer once said in his daily column words to the effect that a left-handed person was of no use at all except in a revolving door.

Now we wouldn't for anything in the world try to make Mr. Baer out an untruthful person, nor do we want to cast reflections on his regard of that curious race of people who go through life with their port side fin always to the fore. Not, for the life of us, would we do that but we very heartily wish that "Bugs" could see Howard Hobson's Southern Oregon Normal basketball team in action just once. And, if he wouldn't change his mind about the lefties then, well, there just aint no Santy to the poor working girl.

So after much ado about less than nothing, we get down to the business in our RIGHT hand; that Captain Billy Courtney, of Hobby's mighty SONS, is not only a southpaw of the most southpawish kind, but that he also is about the sweetest floor leader and defensive man in the hill country or any place else for that matter. And when Columnist Arthur says that the "wrongside" are all wrong, he is not talking through anything but his derby hat.

Lefty Bill's scoring is done from way out. Not a high pointer but usually good for around four buckets per battle. It's on defense that our very, very brainy (believe it or no, Mr. Baer) lefthander does his great work. And, he really runs that SONS team like nobody's business.

Lefty Bill is another Benson high of Portland and Howard Hobson product. After burning up that prep league up north, he followed Hobby down here and to say that he is practically the backbone of the team would be sort of an understatement of fact.

Bill is a one-year SONS letterman. With the enemy defense set, it is Bill, good old lefthanded Billy Courtney, who sets up the SONS scoring plays and he does it with a neatness and dispatch that has made every college coach in Oregon wish deeply for his presence in their school.

Vital statistics concerning Courtney follow: Height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 160 pounds; age, 20 years; value to team, what "Bugs" Baer's regard of a lefthander is, with plenty of reverse english.

We suspect that if and when Japan and China arrive at that "far-reaching agreement," the reaching will be done by Japan.—Weston Leader.

What Hauptmann would no doubt like to be for awhile is the forgotten man.—Weston Leader.

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Sons, Monmouth in Bitter Battle Monday, Tuesday

Two of the most bitter inter-collegiate rivals in Oregon will throw the full force of years of athletic hatred at each other Monday and Tuesday nights in the Ashland Junior high gym, when Al Cox's Oregon Normal school Wolves from Monmouth tangle with Howard Hobson's great Southern Oregon Normal Sons in the first meeting of the two teams this season.

Always, when Wolves meet Sons, it is bitter fight from the opening whistle until the final gun and this year will undoubtedly prove no exception. Starting slowly, with a sort of "what's the use" state of mind, the Wolves of Monmouth have the past two months began to howl. Right now they boast the greatest team in the history of the school, with two victories over Willamette, one against Pacific, northwest champions last year, one over Albany college and a split series with the Packards of Portland, who recently defeated Union Oil decisively.

Two former Astoria high stars hold down the forward positions for Monmouth, Bud Averill, six feet three inches tall, and Herb Ystad, six feet three inches high. Both were members of two Astoria high state championship outfits and Ystad was all state man one year. At center will be Jimmy Butterworth, who towers six feet four inches toward the rafters. Butterworth is an all-state player from Indiana and is rated one of the best centers in Oregon. He is Monmouth's high scorer.

For guards the Wolves will present Ray Osborne, also from Indiana, and John Kelly, the medium size flash from Salem high. Kelly was named the most valuable man in the state tournament two years ago and is a ball hawk of the Cliff McLean type. Principal reserves are Ed Makela and Mackey, Monmouth football players.

Both battles may turn into personal scoring duels between Ward Howell, giant Sons center, and Jim Butterworth, Wolves tip-off man. Neither has been stopped the slightest bit all year, both having ran wild against all competition and when the two meet for the first time, it's liable to be "blood" and plenty of it.

Sons' probable starting lineup will be Patterson and McLean at the forwards, Howell at center and Dick Jockisch and Captain Billy Courtney at the guard positions.

It will be the first time in two years that the teams have met on the maple court, no games being played last year. Two years ago the four-game series was evenly divided, each outfit sweeping their home battles.

Monmouth uses the same style of plays as the Sons; fast breaking, hard driving at all times, with no great amount of defensive work stressed. Officials will be Croxdale from Medford and Stan Summers from Eugene.

Fulton Stephen Heard of Lake City, Calif., died in a local hotel Tuesday afternoon after a lingering illness.

He was 76 years, four months and 29 days old, and had been stopping in Ashland about a month. Will Dodge took the body to Aituras, Calif., Wednesday and funeral services and burial took place there Thursday.

HUBKA, NEALY SPLIT FALLS IN ARMORY BOUT

Southern Oregon fans were treated to a genuine exhibition of wrestling last night at the Medford armory when Promoter Mack Lillard brought two real gladiators of the ring together for a main event which had customers—and even Photographer Verne Shangle—very emotional.

Joe Hubka, Nebraska, met and drew with Jim Nealy, San Francisco, in as fast a go as ever thumped across a Medford mat. Fireworks started with the bell and an hour later were still going at a breathless pace with one fall each and a death-struggle underway for the third.

First fall went to Hubka when he loosened a series of "airplane double arm scissors"—or something, to flatten Nealy, who came back with ginger to pin Joe with a nelson. From then on it was nip and tuck, and shoulderblades hovered near the canvas frequently to pile up thrills as the earnest pair went at it in clean, workmanlike manner. Feature of the full session was Hubka's lightning leg work and one of his unique holds, gained by wrapping his legs around shoulders and torso of his victim and effecting a series of rolling spills which drive an opponent into submissive slumber.

In first match Lillard had pitted Don Wagner, OSC, and Louie Bacagalupi, the "terrible Italian." Although Wagner carted two falls off the arena, whatever his name showed greater strength and treated Wagner to a swell necking with a long series of chiropractic headlocks. First fall went to Wagner via sonnenbergs, second to Bacagalupi when his headlocks were too constant and severe, and third to Wagner at a point when it appeared he was ready for the count. The finish came as an upset and as a sudden burst of color when the OSC football star suddenly wakened from a groggy toasty against the ropes to drive Bacagalupi, his opponent—into a spasm of canvas gnawing.

Fans apparently were well pleased with the card and greeted both newcomers with some chipper heckling. Hubka, after his performance, will be good for a packed house any Thursday.

The prison doctor at San Quentin has found that, for no reason he can discover, powdered why is a good remedy for tuberculosis and high blood pressure. He knows it is helpful but doesn't know why.—Weston Leader.

HALL GETS K-O TO END EAGLES SMOKER FIGHT

Jimmy Hall's slashing left hand was too much for Buddy Stryker in the main event of the semi-monthly Ashland Eagles fight card at Eagles hall Tuesday night, and the Talent CCC boy lost on a technical knockout in the third canto when he was unable to leave his corner for the fourth round.

Boring in steadily with his left working like a trip-hammer, Hall, popular Ashland welterweight, took the first two rounds by a wide margin and had the Talent boy wobbling on his pins in the third. It appeared that Hall could have put his man away at any time, but Stryker weathered the canto after losing a tooth. Badly battered, he was advised by his second and the referee to remain

in his corner for the fourth, which he did to give Hall the k-o.

In the semi-windup, a four-rounder, the SONS' own, Frank Redke, lost the decision to Tommy Walker of the Talent CCC in a slam bang fight. Redke did little clowning, but Walker was a little too good. Both are middleweights.

In other four rounders, Irish O'Hoxie and Lee Ashcraft fought to an exciting draw; Shorty Abel and Marvin Potatzka drew; Walter Lee and Donald Gettling drew.

It was announced that a return go between Billy Hawkins and Fat Abel would be staged on the next card, March 5. They are the boys who put up such a great battle two weeks ago.

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